AIN'T NATURE WONDERFUL? A Snob.

A snob is a person whose head resembles an inflated football, only the swelling is caused by fat. After kidding himself into believing he's a half a dozen prongs higher than the rest of us until he actually believes it he horns in with the real Havana, 3 for a casenote class, and regards us as has not, the 3 for a jitney scrap-filing crowd. He labels us the masses. You know the type. Breaks his neck to say "hello" to them that is, and has, and when it comes to us ordinary ones he does a flagpole with his hose and passes us up like a plugged nickel. Y'know, doesn't want to know us and the sooner done away with, so much embarrassment relieved for him. Well, Anthony, we should get insomnia. Y'know Mr. Snob, bend an ear earthward, to class you with regular guys, you're not quite what the hole is to a doughnut, so pinch yourself, roll over. You've got a paper muche foundation.

Voices from the gallery. Hooray! Hooray! Speech! Speech! Author!

HARD TO TELL

Little Gertrude's father had answered her questions patiently, but he was becoming exasperated. Finally she said:

"What do you do at the office all day, daddy?"

Daddy's patience gave way.

"Oh, nothing," he said.

Gertrude pondered over this answer for a moment. Then she returned valiantly to the charge.

"But how do you know when you have finished?" she asked.

TAKES A STRONG WIND, TOO

When the Spanish-American war broke out, in April, 1898, two Irlahmen were at work on a new asphalt pavement, being laid in a Washington street, when one stopped handling his pick and glanced up at the

courthouse tower, where a flag was waving.

"What's the use of putting a flag up there?" the man questioned. "The wind will whip it to pieces."

"Yes, but the wind's the only thing that can whip it," was the other's quick reply.

CHESTNUT CHARLIE

